
Title: The raising of Beowulf

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Assembled they stood,
four necromancers set
about the remains of the
being known as Beowulf.
Twas yet early in the
day, though within Caina
time stretches but in the
tides of gray. Of those
summoning there was
Tyranthraxus, Agaru,
Kasha Grano and Cthulu,
members one and all of
the Order. These adepts
in the dark arts one and
all praped their magics
for the coming act,
preparing themselves to
call upon the will of
Oblivion. Upon the cold
stone of Morn Cirith
they waited, until at last
Tyranthraxus indicated
that the ritual was to
begin.
Raising hands, an
enchantment was intoned
(*the next few syllables
are scribed in an arcane
symbols*)

Om Ni Vas Ni Vek

Once this was repeated
by those assembled, the
sky itself darkened as
though night had begun.
From the storm clouds
above which poor a
relentless sleet and snow
to the inhabitants below
crashed lighting in cruel
arks that touched near
to the Necromancers
tower. As a storm of
visible proportion grew,
the incantations continued.
(*Again, the next few
lines are written in the

same arcane style*)

Shre Nek Sas Na

Again the words where repeated, and darker yet the skies overhead drew as icy winds picked up to toss robe and hairs alike of the assembled party. As the wind gained speed, darkness suddenly fell. Akin to the extinguishing of a candles flame, the lights once about the tower of Morn Cirith dissapeared, leaving but the top of the tower and the necromancers visible. With their magics begin, Tyranthraxus gave a call out to the powers that listened thus. "Oblivion! Hear our cries!" This was repeated by the others as he began his plea.

"We this day ask to you to return to us a sould which has served you well. He has reaped the blood of the innocent and the ignorant for you. We plead to you, give him to us once again!" With this, he took from his pack several items which then where spread upon the floor before him.

"Oblion, hear us! We ask of you to return to us the Soul of Beowulf!"

(*Yet again the words change to arcane symbols for a brief time*)

Om Vi Olth An Corp

Such was intoned by the others, and the ritual completed as from the floor slowly formed and rose Beowulf. Body intact, created hence

from some incorporeal
state, he donned the
armor and garments layed
about on the floor about
him before letting out a
cackle of triumph. The
healing magics of Entropy
where placed about his
person. A call of thanks
was given to Entropy by
Tyranthraxus, intoned by
all others with calls of
Etheng. The ritual ended
as the
darkness receded to its
original state afore the
ritual, and Tyranthraxus
gave a warning to
Beawulf before dismissing
all and one.

"You will (serve us), lest
you return to the void.
I must inform the
Master. Dismissed!"
And so those about
departed, with the ritual
ended.